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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1899. NUMBER 12.

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"O PILGRIM, COMES THE NIGHT SO FAST?"

O Pilgrim, comes the night so fast?
Let not the dark thy heart appal,
Though loom the shadows vague and vast,
For Love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see
Through tears that gather fast and fall;
Too great to perish Love must be,
And Love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and pain,
Our troubled space of days so small;
We shall not stretch our arms in vain,
For Love shall save us all.

O Pilgrim, but a moment wait,
And we shall hear our darlings call
Beyond Death's mute and awful gate,
And Love shall save us all.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1899. NUMBER 12.

We send our condolence to London, who is just being brought under the tyrannical spell of the Sunday paper. We will not be suspected of too strong Sabbatarian bias, but there is much to be said in denunciation of that awful literary pall, the blanket sheets of the Sunday paper. It is a subtle enemy, not only of the church, but of good reading and clear thinking. It presents information in its most disconnected form and literature in its most diluted form. Let us pray to be relieved from the burden of the Sunday paper or else for a better Sunday paper.

A well-meaning Mr. Williams, dying, left a bequest of some seventy-five hundred dollars to the University College of Wales, located at Aberystwyth, as a foundation for a scholarship to the university, but Unitarians and Roman Catholics were to be always excluded from the benefits. The governors of the college wisely declined the bequest as being incompatible with the undenominational character of the school. It is too bad that brother Williams cannot come back to try it over again. He might trust the administration, culture and the human soul a little more the next time.

A writer in "Brann's Iconoclast" found the streets of Los Angeles being kept clean by chained gangs of tramps, the tramp being defined by this writer as the "unemployed, who is determined to continue out of employment." This is a neat definition and we agree with him that the dirty streets of Chicago might be carried far toward cleanliness if the willfully indolent were compelled to use the hoe for their meals, and the helpless unemployed, the man who wants work but cannot get it, should always find an honorable job on the streets at minimum compensation, so that he could always earn something and avoid beggary while waiting, hunting and making the better chance. If we could only put a percentage of sense into our sentimentality, things would go better.

From this distance there seems to be not much to show for the long and painful legislative session in Wisconsin which has but recently closed, except a revision of its marriage law and the passage of the anti-pass act. This state can no longer be the Gretna Green of Illinois. It is now for the first time not only necessary for the contracting parties to secure a marriage license from the civil officer, but it must be secured five days in advance of the marriage. In attempting to avoid one absurdity there is revealed the greater absurdity, and that is the diverse marriage acts in the several states of the Union. The United States are now sufficiently coherent to have uniform marriage and divorce laws. This is a task for the next congress. There is reason to suspect that the legislators who tardily yielded to the demand of their constituents, concerning the gravity of passes, deliberately overreached the intent of the act so as to render it, if possible, null. The law makes it a state prison offense for any public official to accept free transportation over any railroad in the state. Perhaps the sinners hoped to escape by making the penalty absurdly large, but it is high time that railroads were protected from public leeches, and, on the other hand, that the public be protected from this genteel method of corrupting legislators, polite boodling on the part of the great railroad systems of the country.

The "Reform Advocate" returns again this year to the protest against the abuse in Jewish synagogues of the beautiful service of confirmation. It cries out against the growing tendency to make it an opportunity of costly parade and expensive display of flowers and dresses. The protest of our neighbor is none the less needed in regard to the growing extravagance connected with graduation exercises in our public schools. UNITY returns to its protest made from year to year against the demoralizing parade that too often characterizes the closing exercises, even of our grammar grades. It comes to pass that a child cannot be transferred from one grade to another, certainly not from the grammar grade into the high school, without aping the parade and formalities of the "commencements" that characterize the higher institutions of learning. The foolish expenditure of money on flowers, dress, and oftentimes halls and dances, is but the lesser evil. The development of precocity, the awakening of social consciousness and the attendant social anxieties which prematurely shadow the life of our boys and girls who henceforth are "young misses and masters," is the greatest injury. That culture is a curse that violates the simplicity and unconsciousness of childhood, thus interfering with the law which John Fiske has so well expounded, "human progress by virtue of the prolongation of infancy."

In these times, while it is so hard to fix theological labels on human beings so that they will stay or carry any significance, Rev. Dr. Brown of the Presbyterian Church of Boone, Iowa, seems to have great confidence in his label, and apropos of the rather depressing estimate of Dr. Hale, given in our last, we give the estimate of the Iowa minister publicity for the encouragement of the Presbyterians. In a Sunday evening address he declared his belief that the "Presbyterian minister was the highest type in the world, because Presbyterianism acts on all the faculties of the mind and heart," in proof of which he adduces the following "facts of history:" "Out of twenty-four major-generals of the Revolutionary War twelve were Presbyterians; one-half of all the officers of the Revolution were Presbyterians." So manifest was this that Horace Walpole is quoted as saying that "the American people have run away with a Presbyterian preacher."

The brother further claims that two-thirds of the members of the Supreme Court of the United States have been Presbyterians; that eight of the presidents of the United States have represented this fellowship," and, as a crowning climax (heaven save the mark), "two-thirds of the banks of Boone are controlled by Presbyterians." This is a good record, but there are doubtless some good people in history who were not Presbyterians, and let us hope that there are some towns where Presbyterianism is not made so responsible for the banks as the town of Boone.

Recent Bible Studies.

The fact that Dr. Briggs, whom the Presbyterians discarded, was last Sunday ordained into the ministry of the Episcopal Church, but not without wide protest and the further fact that here in Chicago Professor Ives Curtis, and Professor Gilbert of the Union Park Congregational Theological School, are threatened with heresy trials, chiefly on account of Biblical opinions taught and published, make it interesting to inquire into the cause of this theological war and to seek the origin of the discontent. No one need go far in this quest. It is found in these four books that lie upon our table, the titles of which are indicated below. These books represent not only the scholarship, but the fertility implied in the phrase "higher criticism." They represent not iconoclasts, but constructive students. Dr. Briggs himself, wherever he may belong theologically, is Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and Rev. Henry Preserved Smith is professor of Biblical History and Interpretation in Amherst College, while Professor Bennett is Professor of Hebrew Languages and Literature in London and a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Dr. Toy is Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages in the Divinity School of Harvard University, Cambridge. Two of these volumes belong in the series popularly known as the Polychrome Bible, Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University being general editor. Three of these five men are at least "orthodox" in their present affiliations, and so far as they are suspects the suspicion arises from the fact that they have applied to Biblical studies the vitality of untrammeled scholars and the methods of science. They have analyzed the Bible and found its constituent elements and they have proceeded to set these elements into their proper settings of time and place and have consequently found the local color and time spirit manifest in these literary productions of the Hebrews, and by so doing they have invested the books of the Bible with the same intelligent interest and vital life as belong to the literary treasures of other races, the more masterful poetry, history and prose of other nations. That such a study finds the inadequacy of statement, the conflict of opinion, the limitation of authors, the unconscious contradictions incident to fallible men, writing at different times, places and under different circumstances and for different purposes, goes without the saying. That these studies have proved destructive to cast iron, dead level, infallible conceptions of the Bible goes without the saying. That in lieu of these they bring the human interest, the poetic beauty, historical importance, poetic power and the ethical and spiritual values into new light is also unquestioned.

It is not for us to discuss the details or pass upon the merits of these several books, but we will be glad if we may so characterize them as to induce a generous purchase and careful reading of these books on the part of our readers.

Dr. Briggs'* book comes first in popular attractiveness and scope of vision. Its twenty-six chapters may well be taken as the sum and substance of his work during the twenty-five years of his professorate. This book is the tenth version of what was first published fifteen years ago. It is the beaten oil of the class room and covers the wide range of Bible study, reaching from the study of the text-book to the history of the text. It has literary construction and power; it has spiritual and ethical significance. Perhaps the head and front of his offending will be found in chapters XI and XII, which treat of the history and practice of the higher criticsm. These chapters inevitably lead to the questions discussed under the heads of "The Credibility of Holy Scripture" and "The Truthfulness of Holy Scripture," chapters, indeed, which deal with what Dr. Briggs well calls "burning questions." The professor fully appreciates the significance of the discussion. He says:

> "I shall doubtless increase my offense in the eyes of those who condemned me before, but I have confidence that I have so stated the case as to give relief and help to the multitudes who have been disturbed and crowded from Holy Church and Holy Scripture by the pharisees of our time."

It would seem as though the book might have been a much smaller one if the needs of the open-minded had been considered only, but perhaps the very prolongation of the discussion is necessary to break through the commonplace, and the stupid estimate of the Bible that obtains in many minds. We care not how well fortified one may be in the old estimate on taking up this book, if he persists in reading it to the end, an impression will doubtless be made. Considerations and convictions not looked for and not welcome will force themselves upon the mind.

If one looks for a graphic illustration of what higher criticism is doing for the Bible, he can do no better than to take up Professor Bennett's Polychrome translation of the Book of Joshua,** which is printed on no less than nine different colored backgrounds, each background indicative of a traceable stratum in the geologic formation. These strata represent a stretch reaching from 750 B. C. down to 400 B. C., or later, showing that the hands that finally shaped the book of Joshua dealt with material that took three hundred and fifty years to produce. Simply to turn the leaves of this unique publication is like visiting a chemical laboratory and witnessing how elements are separated and recombined under the hands of the experimenter. Many of these colors may be misplaced. All of them are confessedly tentative. Other

*General Introduction to the Study of Holy Scriptures, by Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D.: Charles Scribners' Sons, New York, 1899; pp. 688.

**The Book of Joshua. A new English translation (Polychrome), by Rev. W. H. Bennett, M. A., Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature, Hackney and New Colleges, London. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; pp. 93.

***The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel. A new English translation (Polychrome), by C. H. Toy, LL.D., Professor Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; pp. 208.

and later scholars will revise and rearrange, but the fact that the work has been done once will make subsequent work easier and subsequent workers at once more courageous and more cautious.,

In taking up Prof. Toy's "Ezekiel"*** in this series we take up the sixth and last yet published, and are again informed as well as edified by the discovery that one color suffices in this edition of "Ezekiel," which indicates that we have here essentially the output of one time, the product of one hand. The great statemaker and religious politician of the captivity has an individuality all his own, which Professor Toy has brought refreshingly near. Quite aside from the careful editing, the vigorous and clarifying translation and the learned notes, the elegance of the printing, the beauty and aptness of the illustrations and the altogether delightful workmanship represented in these broad and flowing pages make the mere handling of these volumes a delight and the use of them to the active minister very great, as the actual experience of this writer during a winter's work on the literature of the Hebrews in Bible class, teachers' meeting and Sunday-school, has proven. The entire Old Testament series is promised in twenty parts, six of which are already out, including the books of Leviticus, Joshua, Judges, Isaiah, Ezekiel and Psalms. The books of Genesis and Deuteronomy are promised in the autumn. We will look eagerly for the completion of the series and trust that the great and beautiful undertaking can be carried through the Apocrypha and New Testament books so that we may have what will undoubtedly be the most beautiful and sumptuous edition of Hebrew literature ever produced in combination with the later scholarship and the higher critical methods and conclusions.

Less unique and less sumptuous, but none the less scholarly and perhaps none the less advanced than the Polychrome undertaking is the International Critical Commentary Series undertaken by the Scribners under the editorship of Dr. Briggs, already referred to and of fresh notoriety in this country, and Dr. Samuel R. Driver of Oxford and Dr. Alfred Plummer, Master of University College, Durham, England. The books are solid, handsome library volumes of some four hundred pages each, and when completed will represent a Biblical library of thirty-four volumes, eighteen to the Old Testament and sixteen to the New. The purpose of the editors to present a series of commentaries "abreast of modern Biblical scholarship" is guaranteed by the names of the editors already mentioned and the names we find among the list of those to whom the special books are assigned. Here again we find the names of Cheyne, Driver, Briggs, Toy, Peters and many others who represent the universities of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and America. The three volumes already out are before us, viz., "Deuteronomy," by Professor Driver of Oxford: "Judges," by Professor George F. Moore of the Andover Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, and "Samuel,"**** by Professor Henry Preserved Smith of Amherst, the last recently from the press. The method of this book is like its predecessors: First, an introduction which contains an account of the book and analysis of the text which amounts to a paraphrase. Then an account of the texts and the verse, and discussion of its religious ideas and some notice of the commentaries already existant. Then follows the elaborate commentary reaching through nearly four hundred pages, the volume closing with the necessary indices.

The relation of all these books to orthodoxy is a question scarcely worth discussing, because time alone will decide. For ourselves, we can well understand how such men as Driver, Cheyne, Moore, Heber Newton and other progressive students of the Bible and earnest, honest ministers of religion may not only desire but feel called upon to stay as long as permitted within the boundaries of the church into which they were born or with which they are surrounded, because by so doing they represent the live and growing elements in the church. They are of that progressive factor which exists even in the most conservative institutions and which tests the vitality of the institution and ever stretches its boundaries. But once out, through choice or otherwise, we can hardly understand how one should seek readmission into the literal entanglements and creed complications which at best but poorly represent his own inspirations and methods.

We feel that Dr. Briggs will feel as little at home in the Episcopal Church, into which he has just been inducted, as he did in the Presbyterian Church, from which he has been recently expelled. But it is not for us to understand, much less pass upon, the motives and judgments of others. Enough for us to rejoice in the slow development of sense in religion and the hopeful though tardy indications that the time is coming when the priest and the prophet will really stand in one pair of shoes and the scholarship inspired and demanded by science will make common cause with the preacher, seeking to represent not only the morality and spiritual life of the individual, but that life of the soul represented by the church as well as by the state.

Peace Sunday in Church.

The following extracts, clipped from the Monday papers, may invoke still further pulpit work in behalf of and with the congress that convenes this day at The Hague:

Persident Henry Wade Rogers at the First Methodist Church:

"The money expended in the construction of these floating fortresses and to keep men of blood in clothes

A goodly number of the ministers in Chicago acted on the suggestion published in our last issue by the members still residents of the general committee of the Parliament of Religions. It is gratifying to find that those even who justify the present military movements of the United States unite heartily in the call for peace farther along.

and funds could be wisely devoted to internal public improvements, in the accomplishment of which millions might be employed.

"Nine hundred and fifty universities, each with a yearly fund of $1,000,000, might be established through the world from the amount that was annually

****A Critical and Exegetical Commentary of the Book of Samuel, by Henry Preserved Smith, Professor of Biblical Interpretation, Amherst College. (The International Critical Commentary Series). Charles Scribners' Sons, New York: pp. 421.

expended in Europe in the preparation for strife.

"The proposition of international disarmament is one of the most humanitarian projects ever placed before the world. All men turn their eyes against the appalling slaughter of war. The blood of millions calls out from the dark pages of history to stay the hand of slaughter. Engines of destruction more terrible than our grandfathers ever dreamed of are in course of construction. The mind of the inventor is solving new problems by which thousands may be swept from the face of the earth through the perverted adaptation of nature's forces. Let the wail of antiquity be heard and civilization shall be proud of the great strides made toward the millennium in the evening of the nineteenth century."

Rev. J. P. Brushingham, Pastor of First Methodist Church

"No nation upon the earth should naturally be a more aggressive leader in the peace congress at The Hague during the week to come than the United States. It is encouraging to find by recent dispatches that the peace commissioners of England and those from this country are to work in unison in an effort to secure arbitration.

"I take it that America's mission is not to conquer the world, but to civilize and save the world. America should lead because of the composite character of its population. All the nations of the earth are here; we have the English, the Irish, the German, the French, the Italians and Prussians in large numbers. In a war with any European country we would be fighting our own flesh and blood. If the conference at The Hague accomplishes no definite results its moral influence will be greatly felt."

Emil G. Hirsch at Sinai Temple:

"To bring about this result nations themselves must learn the rare wisdom of self-control. National hysteria is the greatest danger to international peace. France has often suffered from this affection and the signs are not few that she has many competitors for the honor which goes with national supersensitiveness. Here is the great opportunity for the thinking men and women of every land. Let those that believe in the power of reason reason with those who esteem patriotism to consist in shouting and rate him the noblest patriot who walks about with a chip on his shoulder.

"The press disseminator not only of news but also the molder of public opinion above all others should have a care not to toy with national pride, which so often upon slight abuse degenerates into national presumptuousness. The greatest nation is, after all, that which, having strength, will use it only to benefit humanity. Cannons and guns and gold laces and brass buttons are not the highest exponents of a great and glorious civilization. To be the first in the arts of peace is, to my estimation, greater glory for a people than to be able to recount the greatest number of massacres to its credit in the annals of time."

R. F. Johannot, Pastor of Unity Church, Oak Park:

"'The White Man's Burden' is the burden of excessive armament in Europe and greater than poverty, vice or crime. The fever of entering into the world's politics, the spirit of militarism which has seized upon the American people I greatly deplore. We are building or have ordered twelve new battleships. The money which it will take to build these vessels of war would erect twelve universities in this country and the cost of maintaining them would not be half so much. If more attention was paid to education and less to the spirit of aggression America would be better off."

Hiram W. Thomas of The People's Church:

"History teaches that no enduring government, much less a brotherhood, has been possible on the basis of war. The kingdoms of Egypt, Babylon and Rome are no more. The regions around the Mediterranean are a world-tomb of perished peoples. Modern Europe has been an almost incessant warfare, and only with the rise and power of industrialism has come the hope of universal peace; that the industrial will supplant the military. This is not to say that the wars of the past were not often necessary and in the end made possible a higher good, but it is to say that militarism is not and cannot be the enduring basis of civilization, and for the reason that war is destructive —is rule by force and not by reason, hence is self-negating. That which lives by destruction must at last destroy itself. The phychological effects of war are even worse than the physical."

H. N. Maguire of the Eclectic Society of Spiritual Culture:

"But in the case of the invasion of the Philippine Islands—for invaders we are, if Spain's title was unjust, and the war of the Filipinos against her for independence was righteous—we had nothing to resist; we turned our arms against those whose struggle for independence against Spanish oppression, well nigh successful, had practically made them our effective allies, for had it not been for that struggle the squadron of the enemy's divided navy would not have been fated to destruction in Manila Bay.

"Had we assumed a pacific attitude at the start respecting the Filipinos' stand for independence—had our policy been American in spirit instead of European, Washingtonian instead of Cæsarian—no blood would have been shed, no villages and homes would have been destroyed and the Philippine Islands would to-day be bound to us by annexation or otherwise in indissoluble bonds of friendship and reciprocity of interests. Our moral influence there would now be supreme. The physical conflict going on is but the reflection of a great moral conflict between the animal man and the spiritual man. Too many clergymen are on the animal side."

Wm. M. Salter, Ethical Society:

"We must carry into peace the militant ideal. It is not enough to say war costs. Men have always been willing to sacrifice in behalf of what is great. What is wanted is a vision of real greatness. We must stand by our guns in the war of opinion going on and not let any blatant patriot cow us. We must inaugurate campaigns of popular justice. The heart and imagination can be touched by daring dreams of rectitude as well as by great deeds of war. The daily life of men might be patriotism."

J. H. O. Smith, Union Christian Church, People's Institute:

"From the first our doors have swung inward, and representatives of all races, all ideas, all religions and all nations have found a home here. Through these open doors the anarchist came to find in America the highest regard for law and organized government, while so-called nobility found itself outclassed by the plainest of plebeian birth. Unselfish America has never faltered in faith and hope and love for all alike. She has met ignorance with education, anarchy with law, infidelity with reasons for her faith, slavery with freedom, sectarian bigotry with the nonsectarian Christianity of Christ."

Frank De Witt Talmage, Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church:

"This glorious consummation of peace shall be accomplished in this simple way: Five or six of the great nations of the world will form what is now called in the bad sense a trust, an international trust. And then the international representatives of these nations will get together, as they are now about to assemble in Holland. And then these nations, Russia and Italy and France and Germany and Holland and Belgium and England and the United States will all pledge themselves with a most solemn vow, as did the thirteen colonies of America when they ceased to

become thirteen colonies and joined themselves into one compact whole and called themselves the United States of America.

"And then these six or eight different countries will form an international supreme court, before which all international troubles must come for settlement. And if there be any difficulties between any two nations, as there was last year between Spain and our own government, these difficulties will have to come up for settlement before this international supreme court."

Bishop Samuel Fallows, St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church:

"It is the imperative duty of every Christian and humanitarian to co-operate heartily with every movement which will tend to lessen the causes for an appeal to arms. The proposed peace congress is one of the most important steps yet taken in this direction. It is a minor matter whether the Czar of Russia was really sincere in his expressed desire for European disarmament. The coming together of the picked representatives of the ruling nations of the globe to consider seriously and advisedly the questions proposed for discussion marks a golden era in the history of men. It will be the means of emphasizing and advancing the principle of international arbitration. It will bring into closer fellowship along this line the three great powers which spring from one common source, England, Germany and the United States."

Wm. White Wilson, Pastor St. Mark's Episcopal Church:

"We can ameliorate the conditions of war and adopt methods that will lead to general peace, but there are evils to overcome, tyranny to be removed, despotism to be destroyed which will require struggle and possibly war. As people and as nations mankind must be faithful to the duties which devolve upon them and seek the right as well as peace and desire only that peace which right can give."

Dr. Wm. M. Lawrence, Second Baptist Church:

"We are, as a nation, a nation of peacemakers. We have not had a war history. Every conflict in which we have been engaged has been for defense or for philanthropy, and never for conquest, and our flag stands for all that is honorable and humane in national and civil life. Reason and duty demand that we support the proposition of the Czar with all earnestness. It is demonstrable that peace is a possible thing if we will to have it. It becomes us as patriots to do all that we can to further the interests of peace with faith in the God of peace."

Rev. P. F. Matzinger, Campbell Park Presbyterian Church:

"We have disarmed the individual and still secured his survival. Can the same be done for nations? We have advanced far enough in the evolution of national honor to brand as unjust any war for plunder or for mere increase of territory or for glory. We will admit as just causes for war only necessity, liberty or principle. We have begun to struggle for the liberty of others."

Bishop Tikhone, of the Greek Church in Alaska:

"The Russian clergy are unanimous in favor of the Czar's peace plan and expect to see it adopted by all nations within a few years."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, All Souls Church:

"Many are asking every day, 'What is militarism, anyhow?' It is the incorporation into modern statecraft of the primitive dictum that 'might makes right.' It is the trusting of national power and prosperity to the keeping of standing armies. It is the assumption that the physical arm of the state is its measurement in the councils of the world. It is a new exaltation of the soldier, a fresh apotheosis of the warrior. It is subordination of the arts of peace to the triumphs of battle, the application of modern enginery and scientific physics to the art of destruction. It is reducing killing to an exact science and hiding the atrocities of legal and national murder behind the high-sounding words and highly polished instruments of precision that represent the activities of the arsenal, the fortress and the battleship of to-day. More than this, it is a revival of the cheapest heroism, the heroism represented by physical bravery, the love of parade, the glitter of gold lace and the inspiration of martial music."

Good Poetry.

On An Infant Dying As Soon As Born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work;
A flow'ret crushéd in the bud
A nameless piece of Babyhood
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to change the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: Ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moon's long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature.
Limbs so fair they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery),
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maiméd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark
Why human buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss:
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells, and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music fram'd for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shall have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing, nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
A more harmless vanity?

—*Charles Lamb.*

Compensation.

In that new world toward which our feet are set,
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stalks the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sunflecked shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,
From snow to roses—and how dear her face,
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole,—
The hope of finding every vanished soul,
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss.
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Are You Glad?

Are you glad, my big brother, my deep-hearted oak?
Are you glad in each open-palm leaf?
Do you joy to be God's? Does it thrill you with loving delight?
Are you sturdy in stalwart belief?
As you stand day and night,
As you stand through the nights and the days.
Do you praise?

O strenuous vine, do you run,
As a man runs a race to a goal,
Your end that God's will may be done,
Like a strong sinewed soul?
Are you glad? Do you praise?
Do you run?
And shall I be afraid,
Like a spirit undone;
Like a sprout in deep shade;
Like an infant of days.

When I hear, when I see and interpret aright
The winds in their jubilant flight;
The manifest peace of the sky and the rapture of light;
The pæn of waves as they flow
The stars that reveal
The deep bliss of the night;
The unspeakable joy of the air;
And feel as I feel,
And know as I know
God is there?

Hush!
For I hear him—
Enshrined in the heart of the wood;
'Tis the priestly and reverent thrush,
Anointed to sing to our God;
And he hymns it full well,
All I stammer to tell,
All I yearn to impart.

Listen!
The strain
Shall sink into the heart,
And soften and swell
Till its meaning is plain,
And love in its manifold harmonies, that shall remain,
Shall remain.

—*Danske Carolina Dandridge.*

"A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong, deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full and when there is no moon."—*Hare Brothers' "Guesses at Truth."*

Genius and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set. —*Emerson.*

The artist may be known by what he omits.—*Schiller.*

The Pulpit.

Faith and Life.

From an Address by William Henry Hudson, Professor of English in Stanford University, California.

What are the true relations of faith and life—of a man's attitude toward the deeper problems of existence and his own conduct and character? The question has often been raised, and many answers have been given to it by thinkers of different schools. It is admittedly a difficult and delicate one; and, if I venture to put it anew, it is not in the hope of saying any final word upon it. But it has long seemed to me that in the discussions that have raged about it, several points of great importance have been habitually left out of consideration; and it is upon these particularly that I now want briefly to touch.

It will help us if we glance for a moment at the way in which the question of creed was commonly treated in older theological speculation. Dogmatists were formerly almost unanimous in regarding orthodoxy as the final and all-important fact in the spiritual life, and so far as they were consistent, they gave no countenance whatever to the latitudinarian doctrine set forth in the famous lines of Pope—

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Now, orthodoxy, thus emphasized as the supremely important thing, meant correct thinking about a number of questions, most of which transcend human experience, and lie beyond the domain of the phenomenal world—such questions, for instance, as the nature, character and attributes of God, the dealings of God with men, and men's relations, in turn, with God. A creed in the theological sense of the term—a creed like the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Established Church, for example—was supposed to formulate the principles and results of such correct thinking in a series of clear, consistent and definite propositions. These propositions are addressed to the intellect, or logical faculty; by the intellect we pass judgment upon them; by the intellect we accept or reject them. It was, I am aware, usually declared or implied that such acceptance or rejection ultimately depended upon the spiritual condition of the individual before whom these propositions were laid. Before we had passed through conversion, their truth would be concealed from him by reason of his own spiritual blindness; but after religious quickening and a change of heart, acceptance would become inevitable—the truth would at once be made manifest. None the less we have to consider every creed as presented primarily to the logical faculty, and intellectual indorsement of its principles as constituting the final criterion of a man's belief. Otherwise, what are we to make of the declaration of the so-called Creed of St. Athanasius, that it contains the true Catholic faith—which, except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved? Otherwise, indeed, why creeds at all? Why elaborate proofs of Christianity? Why the various systems of theology in which the tenets of the different churches are reduced to the exact statements of science?

But when, regarding the question of creed in this ordinary way, we look round upon the world of men and women as we know them in the practical concerns of everyday life, we find ourselves confronted by many familiar, but none the less awkward, facts. A man's creed, taken in this sense, does not appear to give us any adequate measure of his honesty, his kindliness, his veracity—does not seem to stand in any necessary, permanent, or vital relations with what for all of us must remain the supreme realties, conduct and char-

acter. A man's creed, in this sense, therefore, cannot properly be said to constitute an effective factor in his life. It seems to be quite possible to yield intellectual subscription to any number of propositions concerning the Trinity, for instance, or the attributes of Diety, or the fall of man, or the condition of the unconverted after death, and at the same time to have our attitude toward life and duty affected to no appreciable extent. Acceptance or rejection of certain specified articles of belief, in other words, may be treated, and indeed is commonly treated, as a matter quite apart from that other momentous question—the question of the way in which a man takes life, and the spirit in which he lays hold of its facts and its problems. No one to-day would venture seriously to affirm that the most strictly orthodox thinkers will always, therefore, prove to be the best and noblest men. It is indeed true that a sensational evangelical preacher once declared that no man who did not believe in God could be trusted with a dollar; but such an assertion, though telling enough from the pulpit, would manifestly not be borne out by the facts of the world's doings and experiences. It is a bit of Sunday rhetoric—and there is the end of it. Certainly, we could not reverse the maxim, on Matt Prior's old principle of the fool and the poet, and proclaim that everyone who does believe in God may, therefore, be trusted with even a ten-cent piece. Even beliefs apparently bearing directly on action have little permanent influence—the belief in hell and eternal damnation, for example. History is full of illustrations of these seeming anomalies of creed and conduct. The common routine of existence furnishes daily cases in point.

In view of all this, it seems sufficiently remarkable that the doctrine of the immediate connection between belief and life should have found frequent assertion outside the domain of theology, and even in circles where the data and prepossessions of theology have been wholly or partially laid aside. Yet so it has been. It was a theory of Dr. Whewell, and one common also to many of the schools of ethical philosophy in the eighteenth century, that a man's conduct and character will be determined directly by his speculative belief, and that the same criterion will hold good also of countries and epochs. Morality was thus made primarily an affair of the intellect. Convince a man, by force of logic and illustration, of a certain number of propositions concerning existence, and you make a new creature of him. This kind of philosophizing was the natural result of the development of thought in the eighteenth century—the sæculum rationalisticum, with its unbounded faith in reason, and its profound distrust of the feelings. Men, according to this theory, go wrong, therefore, through ignorance, shortsightedness, or miscalculation of consequences, and we set them right by argument. Salvatitn by syllogism—that is the accepted method. The appeal to the higher life is addressed to the logical faculty. The foundations we seek to lay are those of mental conviction. To know what is right is the one thing necessary. The method of moral discipline is, therefore, the method of enlightenment—of intellectual culture, facts, arguments, proofs. Everything still depends upon creed.

Such a theory of existence must needs seem very odd and fantastic to most of us to-day, and we instinctively recall the words of Horace about knowing the right, and yet pursuing the wrong—words which, as we are sadly aware, are only too often illustrated in our own lives. In face of the general postulates of the older theology, and the strange divagations of some of our philosophers, we realize, therefore, that the doctrine of the relations of faith and life, if it is to be worth anything at all, requires restatement. Shall we, then, rush to the other extreme of declaring, in the lax and easy-going spirit of our time, that the older theologians and moralists were entirely wrong?—that there is no connection between creed and conduct, belief and life? This would be a fatal mistake. Though we must discard the special and narrow interpretations above referred to, a moment's thought will convince us that there is a larger sense in which it is profoundly true that faith and life are intimately related—that what a man believes determines, in the last analysis, what he is and what he does.

But the faith I now have in mind is the synonymous with intellectual assent to any number of formulated propositions about God and man. The faith that I want to speak of means at bottom a man's entire spiritual attitude toward the world, its facts, its problems, its mysteries—the faith that rises out of, is saturated by, becomes the full expression of, as in turn it steeps and pervades, the whole character of the man. Such spiritual attitude has often little enough to do with acceptance or rejection of this or that article of belief, of one or another philosophical postulate or conclusion. It has almost everything to do with the cultivation and preservation of a certain condition of our emotional nature—the real source and fountainhead of the waters which bring sweetness and blessing, or the reverse of these, to the vast area of our daily lives; and with the clearness, or lack of clearness, of the atmosphere, or personal medium, through which we look out upon the world. Do we feel, at the bottom of our hearts, that, whatever hypothesis we may frame about human affairs and the destiny of the race, life is, after all, worth living? That spiritual culture—the development of the highest capabilities of character—is, in the largest acceptation of the phrase, worth while? That the processes at work in the universe about us, and in that tiny field of struggle, and suffering, and aspiration, in which our parts have to be played out, are not altogether affairs of blind and blundering chance? That the cosmos is, in some inexplicable yet very real way, sound at the core? Is the world a blot or blank for us? or does it "mean intensely, and mean good?" These questions, and such as these, strike down into a subsoil far deeper and richer than that which nourishes what we habitually call our creeds.

"Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel—below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel, there flows,
With noiseless current, strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed!"

What we feel indeed! Yes, there in sooth we touch the mainspring of life. There we reach effective realities. With faith, as thus conceived, character and conduct must of necessity be vitally and indissolubly bound up. Such faith is foundamental.

* * * * * *

We have been speaking hitherto of the faith that makes life, adopting the standpoint commonly taken up in our theological and ethical discussions. Let us endeavor now to reverse this order of ideas for a moment in our minds, and to think of the life that makes faith. For if the belief that I have described as effective, generates conduct and character, it is, I am convinced, no less profoundly true that it is generated by conduct and character. Let us understand, once and for all, that we are now dealing with things which can be separated and kept apart in theory only; in practice there is an everlasting interchange of action and influence between them. I am not, then, playing idly with words, I am not indulging in either paradox or platitude when I say, that while a man's life depends ultimately upon his faith (as we have defined faith), his faith in turn, and just as truly, depends upon his life.

* * * * * *

Preach faith till you have it, one of Wesley's friends once said to him. In the conduct of life we must begin, not with a proof, but with a postulate; the people who sit waiting for proof are in peril of never living at all. And the best working hypothesis—indeed, the only working hypothesis—that we can possibly start life with is, that there are many things worth doing and worth doing well. That is the point of departure. As Professor William James has put it, "we accept it as the part of wisdom and of courage to believe what is in the line of our needs, and by such belief does the need itself come to be fulfilled." Do we want to trust, nay, to feel convinced, that a great thing is to be done? The real way is just to set about doing it ourselves. Thus we enlist faith on the side of effort, and the effort itself makes faith. No one engaged heart and soul in the prosecution of any high undertaking ever permanently doubts of the issue. He has his moments of discouragement, of course, his hours and days of gloom; but faith rises triumphant in the end. As we hate those we have injured, so we doubt the value of the opportunities we have neglected, the things we have left undone. The wisacres who tell us that the world is going to the bad, are usually those who are doing nothing to help it to be happier and better. Thus when we come to the fundamental question of the value of life, I say, this is a practical question, and not one of theory, at all—a practical question to be answered out of life itself Make life mean something to yourselves—make it mean something to someone else (for there is nothing like going outside oneself, and thus sinking that sense of self which hampers the free play of the spirit); and you will find, theory or no theory, that it has meaning after all.

In one of his fine sonnets, Matthew Arnold tells us how he once asked a preacher, in a squalid street in East London, how he fared, and received for answer —"Bravely, for I have been much cheered by thoughts of Christ, the living bread." Whereupon the poet exclaims, in words that carry far for all of us—

"O, human soul! as long as thou can'st so
Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night—
Thou makest the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home."

Ultimately, then, it all comes back to ourselves—to our own lives, conduct, character. "This price," the same poet tells us in another place—

"This price
The gods exact for song—
To become what we sing."

This double price, too, the gods exact for life—to believe what we are, and at the same time to be what we believe. It is no exaggeration of idealistic fancy to say that we make our own universe. "We needs must love the highest when we see it," wailed poor Guinevere, when Arthur had left her at the last. True, we needs must love the highest—when we see it. But equally true that, whether we see it or not depends upon whether our eyes are open to see it and to recognize it: whether what I have called the atmosphere of our lives is clear enough for us to be able to detect its truth and beauty. "According to your faith be it unto you." It is not only in ourselves that we are thus or thus. It is in ourselves, also, that the world is thus or thus. Our fidelity moralizes all life for us; our shortcomings fill it with failure and confusion.

What, then, is the Counsel of Perfection in these matters—the true rule of wisdom? To avoid as far as we can the pestilential reiteration of questions to which echo gives the only response—to prevent these, at any rate, from sapping the foundations of our moral nature and instincts—to bear "without resentment the divine reserve," and to concern ourselves as heartily and helpfully as we can with that little bit of life which is actually ours for a season, to deal with as we may, for better or for worse. And in taking this course, though we shall never come thereby a whit nearer to any satisfactory rational explanation of the universe, we may yet firmly hope to gain a deeper sense of "that which is, and no man understands," and a more consoling and uplifting realization of the something not ourselves, making through good and evil, success and failure, toward righteousness and peace.

All this has been very beautifully and simply set forth in a noble and stimulating book by George S. Merriam, entitled "The Chief End of Man." "The way of the highest life," says this thoughtful writer, "is clear and certain. Its first and last precept is fidelity to the best we know. Its constant process is that fidelity wins moral growth and spiritual vision. . . . We are not to start with any supposed comprehension of the general plan, whether as revealed by miracle or thought out by wise men. We are simply to live our lives according to the best knowledge we have, the highest examples we know, the most satisfying results of our own experience. . . . So by simple fidelity man may find within himself harmony, victory, peace. . . . 'God is love.' So I am told. How shall I interpret it in my experience? Is it a proposition to be believed about some being throned above my sight? If I exercise my mind in that direction, if I weigh and balance and sift the intellectual evidence, I may toil to a doubtful conclusion. But let me, issuing forth from my ponderings, put myself into kindly relations with my fellow beings—let me so much as pat affectionately the head of the honest dog who meets me in the street—and a thrill like the warmth of spring touches my chilled intellect. Let me, for a day only, make each human contact, though but of a passing moment, a true recognition of some other soul, and I feel myself somehow in right relation with the world. 'He that loveth, knoweth God, and is born of God.'"

Fidelity to the best we know—quest for the divine realities of life at large through that which we may, day by day and year by year, make "likest God" within our own experiences—these, I think, are helpful and inspiring thoughts. They clear the air for us; they give us the fine uplift of heart of which so often, in these times of doubt and misgiving, of change and unrest, we stand sorely enough in need.

You remember how Merlin's great darkness came upon him in the days before his fall—how he walked with dreams of evil and disaster, and found

"Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm."

In such an hour as that—and the darkness must gather round all of us at times—we shall never lift the cloud by speculation, still less by lending ear to the whispers of Vivien, enchantress and harlot, who is always near, ready to make capital out of our despair. The passage from the Everlasting Nay to the Everlasting Nay lies along the common path of daily duty—of duty done bravely and faithfully in obedience to the best we know. By that road alone are we ever certain to reach the light. A thousand voices cry, "lo, here" and "lo, there," and about us all is discord and confusion. And meanwhile a little helpfulness toward those who stand nearest us—a little kindness to friend or stranger in need—a little sympathy with somebody or something outside ourselves —will bring, when all the philosophies fail us, serenity and courage and hope. We have not to wait heroic opportunities. Such things in themselves yield "steel and bark for the mind" and stir the sluggish heart to vaster issues.

For myself, let me add, I have gained more than I can say from the simple and perhaps old-fashioned consideration that, after all, I am not responsible for

the universe, while I am responsible for the value I can give to my little personal life. To "make the heavenly period perfect the earthen," is everlastingly beyond my power; everlastingly beyond my power, too, to understand or even dimly guess, how, if at all, this is to be done. "The goal of this dark world lies beyond sight"—from no Pisgah mountain can we get a momentary glimpse across the bounding barriers of our horizon. The haunting sense of these narrow limitations of outlook and comprehension used once to depress me a great deal, as I find it depresses many young men and women when the larger problems of life are first forced upon their attention. But I have now got round to a point of view from which I see things in quite a different light. I know that, at least, the tiny "earthly period" itself is mine; and I somehow feel—and I do not think it is factitious to do so—that by ordering this to the best of my ability—by living as well as I can up to the known right—by faithfulness in common duty, courage in common disappointments, sincerity in small things—I am, though I may not understand how, contributing my little share to the forces that are making for righteousness. By doing my best, I come to believe in the best, to feel that the best counts. And the final issue of all I am getting more and more willing just to leave. Thus we may pluck heart out of negation, and build a new idealism upon the foundations furnished by our own lives. Frank recognition of the limitations of our knowledge is the beginning of true philosophy. Is not frank recognition of the limitations of our powers and responsibilities the final secret of the healthy moral life?

It is not often, in these days, when existence presents itself to us in ever-increasing complexity, that we find, in the discussion of any question, that it turns out to be, not more intricate, but less intricate than we had supposed. I am glad to think that what I have said tends to the practical simplification of a problem that deeply concerns us all. The message I have brought is one of the common earth, of everyday human relationships. It is not couched in high-sounding words; it makes no claim to originality; it does not profess to offer any esoteric revelations. But, if I mistake not, it will stand us in good stead when many a more pretentious counsel fails; and it is within easy reach of every one of us, as an inspiration and stay in the varied circumstances of life. Like the poet of "The Two Voices," we may sit in our closets speculating upon the mysteries of human destiny and divine providence, and doubt will answer doubt, argument will cancel argument, while the great enigma remains as dark as ever. But if we are wise, we will presently throw open the window, breathe the keen, outer air, and look down upon the world's common life. No new solution will thus be brought to us of the Riddle which is unanswered, because unanswerable. But the magic of human sympathy and love will work upon us with quickening power, and out of our own freshened and uplifted natures a voice will come, bidding up indeed rejoice.

Those who would see and know the life of nature should fix themselves in some pleasant retreat and work there with absolute quietness as long as possible. For it is in this quietness that the invisible becomes visible. The vacant field gradually becomes full of living things. In the hedges unsuspected birds come to the surface of the green leaf to take breath. Over the pond brilliantly colored insects float to and fro and the fish that never seem to move from the dark depths do move and come up to sight. Be very careful not to go too far, for it is a fact that the greatest variety of information is generally gathered in a very small compass.—*Richard Jefferies.*

The Study Table.

The Just Cause.

Many a righteous battle's lost,
  And many a hero lies—
While onward sweeps the conquering host—
  With face turned to the skies.

Not what's accomplished, but what's sought,
  When all is said and done.
Hast thou for truth and honor fought
  Not, was the battle won?

Proudly thy banner yet may wave,
  Now trampled in the dust,
Rejoice it claimed of thee a grave,
  If but thy cause be just.

HELEN HAWTHORNE.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

"Municipal Monopolies" is a collection of papers on economic questions, written by American economists and specialists, and edited by Professor Edward W. Bemis of the Kansas Agricultural College. It is the seventeenth volume in "A Library of Economics and Politics," published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. of New York. I wish to call special attention, not only to this volume, but to this library, because just now in a rage of economic schemes and visions it is pre-eminently needed. Every volume is healthy, sound and logical. There is a notable absence of chimeras and millennial attempts at revolution. There is a marked absence of the misleading, but very captivating, preachment of the Tolstoiites—and I am sorry to say Dr. Herron is of this latter school. The contrast is direct and vital. The Tolstoi school deals in terrible denunciation, and has only vague talk for remedy. The result must be social unsettlement. But, fortunately, the remedy is at hand, if we will take it. It is not necessary to accord faith in every view advanced by the authors of "Municipal Monopolies;" it is important to study them. This is what these men ask—and all they ask. They do not offer us gush and diatribe, but facts. The essays in this volume include one each on waterworks, municipal electric lighting, the latest electrical reports, the telephone, municipal franchise in New York, legal aspects of monopolies, street railways, gas, regulation of ownership. You cannot be well informed on vital reforms without this book. Better a thousand times be thoroughly alive to these great questions than waste your moral power fighting windmills of the hour. Dr. Bemis says that nearly one-half our population now lives in cities of over 8,000 inhabitants. However, we believe forces are already in operation to reverse the drift toward town life. Agriculture is on the gain. The twentieth century will restore it to equality, if not dominance.

Thoroughly beautiful are the volumes of the Cambridge edition of the "Poets," issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston. On the table lie Milton and Holmes—each in one volume. The editing is unsurpassably good, the printing excellent, and everything as near perfect as possible for a handy yet complete edition. For a family edition nothing could surpass this one. Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning can be had in the same style. Holmes is good for the blues, and possibly Milton is good to give one that disease. However, "Paradise Lost" is more wholesome discourse than it was a couple of generations ago, when it was taken for accurate history. But when you have read Milton's "Sonnets" you have read strength into your character. Any one of them is worth a dozen of any other in the English language.

I had the good fortune to know Susan E. Blow, the mother of the kindergarten in America. I had the better fortune to aid her in getting the kindergarten adopted into the public school system of St. Louis—the first achievement of the kind in the United States. It is therefore with great delight I find on the table her "Letters to a Mother," the forty-fourth volume in Appleton's "International Educational Series," edited by W. T. Harris, LL. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education. The book if a full-blown blossom of a great character. Its contents include Heart Insight, Self-Making, Making by Unmaking, Heaven's First Law, etc. Bear in mind that Froebel originally intended the kindergarten to teach mothers how to make homes to be kindergartens. It is a delightful book. The last sentence is, "I had seen of the travail of my soul and was satisfied." Miss Blow saw the travail of her soul, and last year she passed away from the kindergarten globe satisfied.

Here is one of the greatest books in the English language—a thoroughly great achievement—a book carrying the indorsement of Kipling; but greater in literature than any Kipling every wrote or will write. It is a rare, rich product of the century, that will rank close with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson." It is called "The Cruise of the Cachelot"—that is, a cruise after the sperm whale. It is an inspiration. It abounds with pages of the highest genius. Indeed, it has not a common page in it. I have reveled in its delicious descriptions. Without apparent art it moves forward to surprise us constantly with supreme humor, simplicity of science, exquisite construction, incomparable pathos. Ah, what a book it is! Is it really the work of a vagabond waif—a boy all his life a sailor till past ripeness? He quotes the best authors; he is perfect in his science. He sees for us wonderfully. I do not care to go about the world if only Frank Bullen can go for me. This is the ripe art of story telling. It is worth a thousand manufactured romances. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.

"The Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling, is published in charming style, for general circulation, by D. Appleton & Co. While there is no possibility that Kipling shall hold a place in the history of literature beside Tennyson and Browning, it is certain that he is speaking very much of the spirit of the age. He is more of a Saga singer—a poet of the heroic, that once more is destined to be. When the wheezing philanthropy, that sits weeping and wringing its hands over human woes, is somewhat spent, we shall find ourselves singing with Kipling of great duties, great deeds, great wars, even—for God and man. Kipling is Bret Harte with moral purpose—and not much else. He is, however, infinitely grander for that moral purpose.

E. P. P.

The bird upon the tree utters the meaning of the wind—a voice of the grass and wild flower, words of the green leaf; they speak through that slender tone. Sweetness of dew and rifts of sunshine, the dark hawthorne touched with breadths of open bud, the odor of the air, the color of the daffodil—all that is delicious and beloved of springtime are expressed in his song. Genius is nature, and his lay, like the sap in the bough from which he sings, rises without thought. Nor is it necessary that it should be a song; a few short notes in the sharp spring morning are sufficient to stir the heart. But yesterday the least of them all came to a bough by my window and in his call I heard the sweet brier wind rushing over the young grass.—*Richard Jefferies.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Take into your own sphere of labor, where you are laying down your life, the simple charm of love, and your life must succeed.

MON.—What God has put into our power is the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and that is to be secured by our being kind.

TUES.—It is our privilege to give up even our rights, if necessary, for the sake of another.

WED.—A great many things that men denounce as sins are not sins; but they are temporary.

THURS.—Let the immortal soul give himself to something that is immortal.

FRI.—Faith shall vanish into sight, hope into fruition, but there will be one thing left, and that is love.

SAT.—Covet that everlasting gift—love—that one thing which is going to stand.

—*Henry Drummond.*

Spring Song.

Over the budding trees
Comes the soft southern breeze,
Touching the leaflets and calling them forth.
Quickly the grasses spring,
At the first breath of spring,
Clothing with verdure the desolate earth.

Spicy scents fill the air,
Sweet perfume everywhere
Rises like incense to heaven above.
Orchards flash forth their bloom;
Hardly on earth is room
For God's creations of life and of love.

Now is the gladsome time,
Joining in nature's rhyme,
Let us, like grasses, like birds, and like flowers,
Incense of song and praise,
Blossoms of kindly ways,
Give to the Giver of all happy hours!

—*Mary L. Cobb, in Every Other Sunday.*

A Pet Deer.

A story comes from the north woods of a pet deer who wandered to a little farmhouse on the edge of the woods when it was a tiny fawn. A bell was tied on its neck; after it had learned to depend on its friends for food and companionship it was allowed to roam at will through the woods. In the woods was a camp in which lived a family. The deer made friends with this family and visited them frequently. One very cold day, when all thought of going out of doors was given up, the tinkle of the bell was heard, and there, with the cows, standing in the sun in the shelter of the barn, was the deer. The door was opened and she trotted toward it to meet her friends, who could not resist her loveliness. She was fondled and petted and fed. Suddenly she sprang to the top of a low shed and from there to the roof, along which she walked to the front, standing against the sky looking out on a snowy world. A boy, to startle her, climbed up to the roof, when she sprang from there to the ground. This evidently was fun for her. That night, when the family had gone to bed there was the tinkle of the bell, followed by the sharp patter of hoofs on the roof, and then the sound of someone on the snow and crust. The deer was enjoying herself by jumping from the roof in the moonlight. All night at intervals the deer took this exercise, whether for fun or to keep warm the family could not decide. It was decided in the morning not to pet the deer any more; she must be discouraged from such nightly visits. But she is a friend who stays; she does not resent being driven away, but comes back determined to love and be loved. She still takes exercise from the roof and her bell many times in the night tells the family where she is.—*The Outlook.*

Peeled Chickens.

A party of visitors to the country were very much interested last summer by the remarks of some New York children, sent out by the Fresh Air Fund for a week or two in the country. There were quite a number of them playing about a pretty farmhouse one day when some passers-by stopped and began to talk to them. "Did you ever see any chickens before?" asked one lady, as a flock of fowls came strutting down the lawn. "Oh, yes," said one of the eldest, wisely, with a knowing shake of his head; "we've always seen 'em —lots! Only generally it was after they was peeled." —*Argonaut.*

Success.

"I wish that I could be as lucky as that man is," said Tom, as Mr. Bailey went past him. "Everything he looks at turns into gold."

"That may be," responded Bob, "but I wouldn't care for his money if I had to take his reputation along with it. Everybody says he wouldn't hesitate a moment to cheat his best friend for the sake of making a cent. All he lives for is to get money. I don't know but he would see half the world starve before his face and eyes, and not do a thing to help. No, sir ee', he may be lucky in one sense of the word, but he isn't what I call a success by any manner of means. Good old Mr. Benton comes nearer to it. He's poor as a church mouse, I know, but everybody honors and respects him; he wouldn't take any advantage of anyone for the world, and, poor as he is, he is always doing something for someone. He won't leave two cents when he dies, but I tell you, Tom, it's worth something to leave such a straight, clean record, and to have so many blessing you for the good you have done."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Scotch Collies.

A man who knows all about dogs and has seen them in all parts of the world, tells us that dogs are greatly changed by taking them from their native countries and putting them to different service and treating them differently. He tells us that the Scotch collie, which was taken into our western states to herd sheep, is a very different dog from the collies in Scotland—that he is more intelligent, stronger and almost human in his care for the flocks. These collies treat the little lambs very differently from the way in which they treat the sheep, seeming to know that the lambs are too young to understand and obey them; but they insist that the sheep shall obey them, driving them hard to compel obedience. These dogs will go out in the fiercest blizzard to hunt up stragglers, and they show deep affection for the herders.—*The Outlook.*

A Bad Dream.

My foot's asleep! My foot's asleep!
  Oh, dear! what shall I do!
It's dreaming of a hundred pins
  That prick me through and through.

It's dreaming of a hornet's nest,
  With forty thousand stings;
It's dreaming of a million sparks—
  The fiery, burning things!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm punished well,
  'Twas very wrong, I know,
To sit so long upon the floor,
  And dilly-dally so.

Grimm's "Fairy Tales" were in my hand,
  The duster in my lap;
And so my foot improved the time
  To take a little nap.

—*Kate Lawrence.*

A Grasshopper Story.

Little Ralph, just "half past three," was busily "helping" his mother, armed with that enormous and unwieldly implement called a kitchen spoon. Presently he discovered a grasshopper that had perished during the early frosts.

"Oh, mamma, look, here is a little grasshopper. Is it dead?"

With a queer feeling tugging at her heart, the mother echoed, "Yes, dear, it is dead."

"But, mamma," said he, the little grasshopper held in loving and reverent fingers and a world of perplexity in his voice, "what shall we do with it? It's dead."

"Ralph, that is only the grasshopper's little body. Don't you see that the real true little grasshopper isn't here? Do you remember, dear, how the little leaves get brown and hard, just like this little body, when the tree doesn't need them any longer, and wants to rest a while?"

"Yes, mamma, they all fall off."

"Well, dear, what happens to the tree when spring comes, and the raindrops come down to give the tree a nice drink, and the sunbeams come and warm it?"

"It gets all green again and has more little leaves."

"Well, it is just the same with the little grasshopper. Next spring you will see, oh, ever and ever so many little grasshoppers again."

"But, mamma, what shall I do with it?" said he with childish persistence, looking at the ragged little scrap in his hand.

"What do we do with the seed babies?"

"We put them in the ground."

"Well, suppose we put the grasshopper's body in the ground."

And so, in a very quiet and matter-of-fact way, Ralph made a hole in the ground with his spoon, put in the little body and covered it up.—*The New Century.*

Her Second Thought.

"You pretty apple-blossoms,
  Why do you fly away
Just when the spring is sweetest?
  We want you all to stay.
There's not a single flower
  More beautiful than you.
O, stay, because we love you,
  The whole long summer through."

The apple-blossoms whispered,
  Still sending down a shower:
"You darling little maiden,
  We've bloomed our springtime hour.
If we too long should linger,
  Our boughs would never hold
For all the little children
  Big apples, red and gold."

The little maiden pondered,
  As, pink and pearly white,
Came showering the petals
  Upon her ringlets bright.
She laughed and shook them lightly,
  And then looked up to say:
"You sweetest apple-blossoms,
  Be quick and fly away."

—*Sydney Dayre, in "The Outlook."*

A Talisman.

Take temperance to thy breast,
While yet is the hour of choosing,
As arbitress exquisite
Of all that shall thee betide;
For better than fortune's best
Is mastery in the using.
And sweeter than any thing sweet
The art to lay it aside!

—*Louise Imogene Guiney*

God gives us what He knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.

—*Dryden.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

How to Help the President—Many of our readers will be interested in knowing what our diligent reviewer, John W. Chadwick, thinks of the painful questions of the day. In a recent letter to the "Christian Register," commenting upon Secretary Long's letter to the same paper, Mr. Chadwick says:

"In one respect I find Secretary Long's letter very disappointing. I had been flattering myself that Senator Frye's speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce had spoken for the administration, when he said that the ultimate self-control of the Philippines was intended. But Secretary Long announces that they are to be 'under its protectorate.' This means annexation pure and simple. It must be news to our territories that they are under the protectorate of the United States. They are as integral a part of the nation as Massachusetts or New York. And if, in subjecting the Philippines to similar conditions without their consent, we are not engaged in what the President once called 'criminal aggression,' language is mainly useful to conceal our thoughts.

"As to embarrassing the President, how can those who believe the administration to be on the wrong track, do it better service than by endeavoring to switch it off upon the right one? Is it not the duty of all good citizens to oppose what they think are evil courses in politics, whether they are so or not? Does not Secretary Long admire Lowell's 'Bigelow Papers' for their strenuous opposition to the Mexican War? But some of us believe that the Mexican War was innocent as a toothless babe compared with the war now going on in Luzon. And so believing, are we not in duty bound to oppose the war, doing so with as much care as possible to make our statements true and our judgments of persons kind as well as just?"

Tacoma and Seattle—These twin liberal societies presided over by Rev. A. W. Martin, partake of the vigor of their leader. Twenty-one new comers were recently welcomed at Tacoma. The society at Seattle numbers one hundred and the Sunday evening meetings average four hundred. The Free Church Record represents the word and work on the printed page.

Temprance in Austria.—The next international temperance congress is to be held in Austria, 1901. Four young doctors seem to be leading the crusade against inebriety in this city. They return, from the Paris congress, just closed, determined to push the teetotal sentiment, which is said to be growing. One point of attack is to change the army ration which in times of war substitutes whiskey for coffee. If men must die on the battlefield let them die sober.

War is Still "Hell"—The "New Voice," speaking of the sad tales of inhumanity, license and degradations that come from many sources concerning the action of our soldiers in the Philippine Islands, wisely says: Of course we don't like to believe it, and many will continue to hope that such is not the case; but, after all, it is only what British soldiers have done in India and in Africa, and, what is more remarkable, our own men, in both the Northern and Southern armies, did at times during the Civil War. The pith of the matter is that "war is hell," and calls forth passions and conduct suited to its character.

India.—A copy of the "Indian Messenger" reports the recent graduation from the University of Madras of four lady graduates, three from the Eurasian and one from the native Christian community. "Eurasian" is easily said and to most of our readers will carry no sickening connotation, but it represents the many thousands of human beings who are born into dishonor, to be the outcasts of two continents, the children of European fathers and Asiatic mothers. The Eurasians represent the awful entailment of a conquering and a so-called "civilizing" army.

Free Religious Associations of America.—The thirty-second annual convention and festival will be held in Boston, on Thursday and Friday, June 1 and 2.

The business meeting, for the hearing of reports, the election of officers, etc., will be held on Thursday, at 3:30 o'clock, in the small hall of the Parker Memorial building. It is hoped the attendance will be large.

The convention, Friday, June 2d. Morning session, 10 o'clock, Hollis Street Theater. Opening address by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D., president of the association.

Subject for the morning conference: "The Conception of Immortality." Speakers: The Philosophical Argument, Prof. Josiah Royce, Ph.D., of Harvard University; The Argument from Psychical Research, Prof. James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., of Columbia University; The Transcendentalist View, Miss Anna Boynton Thompson of Boston; The Scientific Argument, Dr. Lewis G. Janes of Cambridge; The Oriental Doctrine of Immortality, The Swâmi Abhedânanda of India.

Afternoon session, 2:30 o'clock. Symposium on the Bible in the Light of Modern Thought. Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills of Boston; Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago; Col. Robert G. Ingersoll of New York. Closing remarks by the president.

The festival will take place at the Quincy House, Brattle street, Friday, June 2, at 6 o'clock p. m. Speaking at 8 o'clock. Dr. Lewis Janes, a vice-president of the association, will preside. Subject: "Religion and Art: Has Free Religion Begun to Sing?" There will be brief addresses by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, the Swâmi Abhedânanda, Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Prof. James H. Hyslop, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and others.

There is no charge for admission to the morning and afternoon sessions of the convention, but, to prevent overcrowding, admission in the afternoon will be by ticket. Members desiring to attend are requested to make application for tickets for themselves and friends as early as possible, to Dr. Lewis G. Janes, 168 Brattle street, Cambridge, Mass.

All friends of Liberal Thought are cordially invited.

Books Received.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York: Polychrome Edition of the Bible. The Book of Ezekiel and the Book of Joshua. $2.50 per vol.

The European Tour, by Grant Allen. $1.25.

The Fowler, by Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.

Books I Have Read; an Index to Books Read. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Children of the Mist, by Eden Phillpots. $1.50.

Our Right to Acquire and Hold Foreign Territory, by Charles A. Gardiner.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York: "A Tent of Grace." By Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Company: "The Life of Trust." Being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller. Written by himself. With an introduction, and concluding chapter by J. R. Miller, D. D.

PAMPHLETS.

Anti-Imperialism, by Morrison I. Swift. Price, 10 cents. Los Angeles. Public Membership Review.

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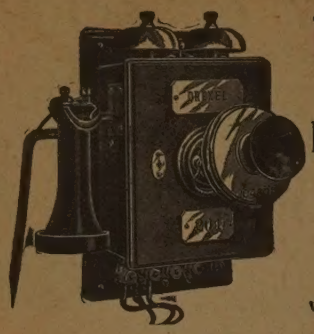

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